

shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapiis qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine saluteth vs.

*Enter Laquenetta and the Clowne.*

*Iagu.* God giue you good morrow *M. Person.*

*Nath.* Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should be perfit, Which is the one?

*Cl.* Marry *M. Schoolemaster*, hee that is likest to a hogthead.

*Nath.* Of perfit a Hogthead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

*Iagu.* Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Cofard*, and sent mee from *Don Armatho*: I beseech you reade it.

*Nath.* *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub umbrarumminat*, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the trauciler doth of *Venice*, *venchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderstandeth thee not, *ut re folami fa*: Vnder pardon fir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horrace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

*Hol.* I fir, and very learned.

*Nath.* Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse, *Lege domine*.

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue? Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed. Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue. Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Officers bowed.

Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes. Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee comend. All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder. Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire; Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadful thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire. Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong, That sings heauens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

*Ped.* You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangener.

*Nath.* Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poesie caret: *O-middius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damofella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

*Iagu.* I fir from one mounfier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

*Nath.* I will ouerglance the superscript.

To the snow-white hand of the most beautilous Lady *Rosaline*. I will looke againe on the intellct of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your Ladieships in all desired employment, *Berowne*.

*Per.* Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the *Votaries* with the King; and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and

goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgive thy ductie, adue.

*Maid.* Good *Cofard* go with me:

Sir God saue your life.

*Cof.* Haue with thee my girle.

*Hol.* Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father faith

*Ped.* Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please you fir *Nathaniel*?

*Nath.* Marueilous well for the pen.

*Peda.* I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupil of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupil, vndertake your *bien vouto*, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauing of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your Societie.

*Nat.* And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

*Peda.* And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

*Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.*

*Bero.* The King he is hunting the Deare, I am courting my selfe.

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toying in a pyrrh, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kills mee, it kills mee, I a sheepe: Well proued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throte. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath caught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweet Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

*He stands aside.*

*The King entreth.*

*Kin.* Ayme!

*Bero.* Shot by heauen: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast chumprt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap in faith secrets.

*King.* So sweete a kisse the golden Sonne giues not, To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose, As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot. The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flower. Not shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright, Through the transparent bosome of the deepe, As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light: Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe, No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee: So ridest thou triumphing in my woe, Do but behold the teares that swell in me, And they thy glory through my griefe will show:

But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe. O Queene of Queenes, how faire dost thou excell! No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell. How shall the know my griefes? Ile drop the paper. Sweet leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

*Enter Longanile.*

*The King steps aside.*

What *Longanile*, and reading: listen eare.

*Bero.* Now in thy likeness, one more foole appeare.

*Long.* Ay me, I am forsworne.

*Bero.* Why he comes in like a periture, wearing papers.

*Long.* In loue I hope, sweet fellowshipp in shame.

*Bero.* One drunkard loues another of the name.

*Long.* Am I the first y haue been peciur'd so? (know,

*Bero.* I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I

Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,

The shape of Loues *Tiburne*, that hangs vp simplicitie.

*Long.* I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue.

O sweet *Maria*, Emprisse of my Loue,

These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

*Bero.* O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hose,

Disfigure not his Shop.

*Long.* This fame shall goe. *He reads the Sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly Rhetorick of thine eye,

'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Perswade my heart to this false perurie?

Vowes for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,

Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee.

My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.

Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhaust this vapor-vow, in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine:

If by me broke, What foole is not so wise,

To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?

*Bero.* This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deiry.

A greene Goose, a Goddess, pure pure Idolatry.

God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

*Enter Dumaine.*

*Long.* By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.

*Bero.* All hid, all hid, an old infant play,

Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,

And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore-eye.

More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wish,

*Dumaine* transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.

*Dum.* O most diuine Kate.

*Bero.* O most prophane coxcombe.

*Dum.* By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.

*Bero.* By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.

*Dum.* Her Amber haire for foule hath amber coted.

*Bero.* An Amber coloured Rauens was well noted.

*Dum.* As vp right as the Cedar.

*Bero.* Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child.

*Dum.* As faire as day.

*Bero.* I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine.

*Dum.* O that I had my wish?

*Long.* And I had mine.

*Kin.* And mine too good Lord.

*Bero.* Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

*Dum.* I would forget her, but a Feuer she

Raignes in my blood, and will remembered be.

*Bero.* A Feuer in your blood, why then incision

Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.

*Dum.* Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.

*Bero.* Once more Ile marke how Loue can varry Wit.

*Dumaine reads his Sonnet.*

On a day, alack the day:

Loue, whose Month is euery May,

Spied a blossome passing faire,

Playing in the wanton ayre:

Through the Velvet, leanes the winde,

All vntoone, can passage finde.

That the Louer sicke to death,

Wish himselfe the heauens breath.

Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,

Ayre, would I might triumph so.

But alacke my hand is sworne,

Neere to plucke thee from thy throne:

Vow alacke for youth vnmeele,

Youth so apt to plucke a sweet.

Do not call it sinne in me,

That I am forsworne for thee.

Thou for whom Ioue would sweare,

Iuno but an *Aethiop* were.

And denie himselfe for Ioue,

Turning mortall for thy Loue.

This will I send, and something else more plaine.

That shall expresse my true-loues fasting paine.

O would the King, *Berowne* and *Longanile*,

Were Louers too, ill to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:

For none offend, where all alike doe dote.

*Long.* *Dumaine*, thy Loue is farre from charitie,

That in Loues griefe desir'st societie:

You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,

To be ore-heard, and taken napping so.

*Kin.* Come fir, you blush: as his, your case is such,

You chide at him, offending twice as much.

You doe not loue *Maria*? *Longanile*,

Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile;

Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart

His louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart.

I haue bene closely shrowded in this bush,

And markt you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty Rimes, obseru'd your fashion:

Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.

Aye me, sayes one! O Loue, the other cries!

On her haire were Gold, Christall the others eyes.

You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,

And Ioue for your Loue would infringe an oath.

What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare

Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.

How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?

How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?

For all the wealth that euer I did see,

I would not haue him know so much by me.

*Bero.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.

Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.

Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove

These wormes for louing, that art most in loue?

Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.

There is no certaine Princeesse that appeares.

You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:

Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.

But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not